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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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## Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

## POETRY.

### "MONTEZUMA'S HALLS."

From Montezuma's lofty halls  
A shout is ringing loud,  
And from the Aztec's city walls  
Is flying our banner proud.  
Tescucos' waves are running red  
And Chalco's tide is dark,  
For thousands of the brave are dead  
Upon the banks so stark.

Along the barricaded street  
Across the bridge's canal,  
And the storm of iron shot,  
The showers of leaden ball,  
Where lances stand like forest trees,  
Their points a hedge of death,  
Their pennons waving in the breeze,  
No sabra in its sheath.

Where hurrying troops from wall and roof  
Come rattling down like hail,  
Where weeping Mercy stands aloof  
And iron warriors quail,  
The "Waving Plume" has led the way  
While wavering none of all,  
But in the hottest of the fray  
"Was doom'd, alas, to fall!"

But noble ones are living yet  
Among that gallant host,  
As brave as ever Aztec met  
Where battle fields were lost,  
Scott Pierce and Kamsott, they are there  
To nobly "do or die!"

God bless them all! a sinner's prayer  
Is heard, they say above,  
If so, I'm sure my heart is where  
Our armies onward move!  
A feeble form, sore crippled too,  
Alone has kept me back,  
But were I there I'd do my do,  
Or die upon the track!

\* Two lakes in the city of Mexico.  
† General Worth is known in the army by the  
sobriquet of "the Waving Plume."  
‡ Col. Watson, a gallant officer of the last war,  
now in command of the United States Marine Regi-  
ment in Mexico.

## THE BUD AND THE HEART.

Within a Bud's rough husk there slept  
A Flow'et rare,  
And watch and ward securely kept,  
Concealed it there;  
A southern wind the watch beguiled,  
The Flow'et burst its bonds and smiled.

But fleeting was the Flow'et bloom,  
As early dew;  
The North wind with its cloud and gloom,  
Breathed on it too;  
But watch and ward no more were kept,  
The Flow'et drooped its head and wept.

## THE TRUEST FRIEND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.  
There is a friend, a secret friend,  
In every trial, every grief,  
To cheer, to counsel, and defend—  
Of all we ever had the chief!  
A friend, who watches from above,  
Whene'er in error's path we trod,  
Still sought us with reproving love;  
That friend, that secret friend, is God!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,  
In every change and change of fate,  
Whose boundless love doth solace send,  
When other friendships come too late!  
A friend, that when the world deceives,  
And wearily we onward plod,  
Still comforts every heart that grieves;  
That true, that faithful friend, is God!

How blest the years of life might flow,  
In one unbroken, unshaken trust;  
If man this truth would only know,  
And love his Maker, and be just!  
Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend,  
Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest rod,  
But in each need, this hand doth lead;  
That friend, that truest friend, is God!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A Married Woman's Soliloquy.

BY "ONE WHO HEARD IT."

Yes it's go! go! go! and get! get! get! for  
every body on earth, but one's own wife. If I  
should ask Mr. Slocum to go out at such a time  
a day for a pair of water and basket of oranges,  
d'ye guess he'd go? Not he; I might want one  
and take it out in wanting! Oranges, forsooth!  
"I was only yesterday, I asked him to call at  
William's for Charley's shoes. Wouldn't you  
have liked to have heard him scold, though!"  
Wished he could go to the store and back with-  
out calling for a dozen parcels! And when he  
came and put them on Charley's feet slapped  
him for crying because the pegs hurt him! Poor  
fellow! he jumped round till his father had gone,  
and then pulled them off. The pegs were an  
inch long at the least calculation. And now  
just because Mrs. Brown hints at a water pail,  
he's up and off in a minute! Why couldn't Mr.  
Brown go? Just as though her own husband  
wasn't good enough to wait upon her. I'd show  
him the difference, if I was Brown! A pretty  
how d'ye do we shall have of it, if things go on  
thus. I'll ask Brown to do my errands, see if I  
don't! And then see how he likes it.

If the girls only knew! But no! They would  
not believe a word of it! You might tell them  
all doomsday, and they'd determine to try it!  
"Bought wit is the best, if you don't get it too  
dear." Dear! I wonder what some folks call  
dear? There's Nelly By. You might talk to  
her till next July, and she wouldn't believe it.  
But she'll see! She'll learn a lesson for herself,  
she'll not forget very soon.

If I was a girl again I wouldn't change my  
condition in a hurry! Not I. There was Slocum  
always ready to run his legs off—but now—  
he'll go sooner for that Mrs. Brown, than for  
his own flesh and blood.

But I'll pay him—see if I don't! I won't get  
him a mouthful of supper. He may get his vic-  
tuals where he does his work! See how he'll  
like that. If I should do so, always trying to  
please other folks' husbands instead of my own,  
we should have a pretty kettle of fish. There's  
Willie, he's teased for an orange these three  
days, and not the peel of one has been seen yet.

There he comes puffing like a steamboat! If  
I had sent him, he wouldn't have been back  
these two hours. Calling at Mr. Brown's too,  
if it ain't enough to vex a saint. I'll quit—I'll  
quit—I'll quit! I'll quit! I'll quit! I'll quit!

I won't please him so much. I'll stay if it  
kills me, and Willie shall have an orange if he  
wants it, and no thanks to him either. There  
he comes again, and both hands full. Wonder  
what he has got now, and who he is running for.  
Coming through the gate and—yes both pockets  
full of oranges. There—dear soul! I knew he  
wouldn't forget his own children! Won't Wil-  
lie have a good meal? And I will—yes he shall  
have mullins for supper; Slocum loves mullins!

### The Married Man's Soliloquy.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

Blast the women! They are always fretting  
about something or other! Yesterday the coal  
wouldn't burn; and the grate must be set;  
and the furnace must be repaired; and merry  
knocks what all! Save us from the wants of an inco-  
siderate woman. Only let her get the upper  
hand and she'll drive like blazes. But I won't  
be driven. Not I. If she wants the door fixed,  
or wood dried, or water brought, or the leech  
set or tubs hooped, she may do it herself. Con-  
found it. I can't go into the house but something  
is wanting. If it isn't one thing it is another—  
I'll leave my boots in the parlor every night if  
I've a mind to, and she may help herself. See  
if I don't. We'll see who will please. Be-  
fore we were married it was—"if you master my  
dear," but cracky, if her tone hasn't changed—  
she shall and shants from weeks end to weeks  
end, and if I venture to put in a word edgewise,  
I am shut up by her infernal clapper. Talk a-  
bout late hours and extravagance. Wonder  
what she calls late hours. I could stay out once  
until broad daylight, and she too, if the party  
was agreeable. But now, if I chance to attend  
the club once a week, there is a pretty mess di-  
rectly. And I don't ever think of her. Gracious  
me! I wish I could forget her for five minutes,  
just to see how it would seem. If young men  
only knew! But no. If a man says a word he  
is set down for a nunny. He must grieve and  
bear it, if it cuts over so close. And oyster sup-  
per—wonder if she don't like oysters. Tell me  
about the propriety of sitting down to the break-  
fast table with her hair uncombed. Once she  
was all curls and smiles. Now she is as slattern-  
ly as a washerwoman. Blast the race. They  
ought to be indicted for obtaining husbands un-  
der false pretences. If they'd only show out,  
the men wouldn't be such gudgeons. But no;  
they'll smile and snicker and twitter until a fel-  
low is fairly caught, and then, by Jupiter if he  
don't haul down their colors. And then the in-  
fant-tender. It's worth a fortune to be com-  
pelled to hear the squalling brats, night after  
night. Croup or cholera is the eternal complaint.  
If I had my way, I'd shake the cholera out of them!

## THE YANKEES.

You can always tell a Yankee by the jack-knife in hand, or the cigar  
in mouth. The Yankees are curious char-  
acters. To-day they are swapping horses, and  
to-morrow building railroads; this hour in the  
gutter and the next seated in a palace. Their  
energy knows no bounds. This month you may  
find a Yankee on the waters of the Penobscot  
heart and soul engaged in the logging business;  
a quarter of a year hence you will hear of him  
navigating the Ohio. Let a year pass, and you  
may learn of him in Constantinople.

Change appears to be written in the face of  
a Yankee. He is never contented. If he is boot-  
black of a clam-digger, ten to one that you will  
find him at the bar or in the pulpit. If educa-  
ted for the ministry, he may be found teaching at  
some conspicuous corner. If his father puts him  
to a mechanical trade, he will not be contented  
unless he sets up for himself in some mercantile  
business. To-day he is one thing to-morrow  
another. He will dig gardens, saw wood, teach  
school, preach, or even edit a newspaper, if nec-  
essary for a support; but he will not be idle.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL. A Jew-  
eler of this city, who shall be nameless, was in-  
telligently applied to by a nice looking young man,  
to make a gold ring for him, having in it a blade  
very delicate and keen, concealed except on a  
narrow scrutiny, and opening with a spring—  
The bargain was made to furnish it for thirty  
dollars. On the appointed day the purchaser  
appeared, paid the stipulated price, which was  
fobbed very complacently, and with an air of  
high satisfaction, put it on his finger. The Jew-  
eler of course very innocently, asked what he  
wanted to do with such an article, to which the  
reply was to cut open pockets with. Ah, replied  
the Jeweler, doubtless in amazement, how  
can you do such things with such an instrument  
and not be detected? The performer replied,  
that his art consisted in diverting the attention  
of people from everything that looked like a de-  
sign upon them—that he rubbed his forehead,  
adjusted his hat, &c., and that discovery came  
too late. He then bade him good morning and  
went his way. Shortly after, the Jeweler as he  
walked around the counter, was accosted by the  
clerk—why what is the matter with your pants-  
loose? how came you to tear them so? Nothing  
that I know of, was the answer. Where? Why,  
just look. When! his pocket was found to  
have been cut by the "artist" with his new in-  
strument, and his pocket book gone, with not  
only the thirty dollars just paid, but four hun-  
dred besides. Verdict of the public. "Served  
him right!" [N. York Tribune.

INDUSTRY AND INTEGRITY. There is  
nothing impossible to man which industry and  
integrity will not accomplish. The poor boy of  
yesterday, so poor that a dollar was a meridian  
to his vision, houseless and breadless—com-  
pelled to wander on foot from village to village,  
with his bundle on his back, in order to procure  
labor and the means of subsistence, has become  
the talented and honorable young man to-day,  
by the power of his right arm, and the potent  
influence of principles, firmly and perpetually  
maintained. When poverty, and what the  
world calls disgrace, stared him in the face, he  
shuddered not but pressed onward and put forth  
high and honorable exertion in the midst of  
accumulating disasters and calamities. Let the  
young man be cherished for he honors his coun-  
try, and dignifies his race. High blood—if this  
course not in his veins, he is a free born Amer-  
ican, and therefore a sovereign and a prince—  
Wealth—what cares he for that, so long as his  
heart is pure and his walk upright—the known,  
and his country knows and his country tells that  
the little finger of an honest and an upright man  
is worth more than the whole body of an effem-  
inate and dishonest rich man. These are the  
men who make the country—who bring it to  
whatever of iron sinew and unfailing spirit it  
possesses—who are rapidly rendering it the  
mightiest, most powerful, as it is already the  
freest land beneath the circle of the sun.

A SINKING STRUGGLE. Eighteen smug-  
glers, each carrying a sack of Berne gunpowder,  
were travelling across a rocky shore. The last  
of the file perceived that his sack diminished  
sensibly in weight, whereat he was quite dis-  
posed to rejoice, when it occurred to him to sus-  
pect shrewdly that the lightening of the load a-  
rose possibly from the decrease of its bulk. It  
was but too true. A long train of powder ap-  
peared on the track he had pursued. This was  
lost in the first place, but what was worse, it  
was a taken which might betray the march of the  
band and jeopardize his business. He cried  
"Halt!" and hereupon his seventeen comrades  
sat themselves down, each on his sack, to drink  
a drop and wipe their faces. Meanwhile the  
other, the shrewd one, retraced his steps till he  
came to the end of his train of gunpowder. He  
reached it after two hours walking, and set fire  
to it with his pipe, in order to destroy the clue.  
Two minutes afterwards he heard a superb ex-  
plosion, which reverberating from the rocky  
mountain walls, rolling through the valleys, and  
ascending the gorges, caused him a marvellous  
surprise: it was the seventeen sacks, which had  
been fired by the train, and had bounced into the air,  
carrying with them the seventeen fathers of  
families that were seated on them.

Kendall says a good story is told of Capt.  
Bodfish, who commands one of the New Eng-  
land companies—a regular lumberman and  
bridge builder from way down in Maine. And  
he'd smile and snicker and twitter until a fel-  
low is fairly caught, and then, by Jupiter if he  
don't haul down their colors. And then the in-  
fant-tender. It's worth a fortune to be com-  
pelled to hear the squalling brats, night after  
night. Croup or cholera is the eternal complaint.  
If I had my way, I'd shake the cholera out of them!

## HOW TO "RAISE THE WIND!"

It is an old saying, that "it takes all sorts of  
people to make a world." If this is true, which  
we think, can't be disputed, then is this city a  
world in itself, for we believe there is as great  
a variety of people in it, as there is in any city  
on the globe. There are murderers, robbers,  
burglars, thieves, pick pockets, pocket-book  
droppers, watch stuffers, thimble riggers, Jer-  
emy Diddlers, and in fact, a host of small-potato  
fry, which constitute our city census.

Every body in the city, and in fact, out of it,  
knows General Storms, our active and good na-  
tured Commissary General. Not long since of-  
ficial business called him up the North River,  
when he took passage in one of our splendid  
night boats. He had that morning only arrived  
home from a visit to some of his acquaintances  
out of the city. About dusk in the evening, not  
long after the General had left for the boat, a  
good looking individual, with a carpet-bag, and  
an overcoat hung on his arm, went up to the  
door of the General's dwelling in Franklin street  
—rang the bell gingerly, and in high state of  
excitement inquired for the General. The girl  
told the stranger that "the General" had gone.  
He then inquired for the General's lady, who  
soon appeared, and our gentleman introduced  
himself as Mr. Page, who represents that "the  
General" had requested him to go up with him  
to Albany, and that he was to pay his expenses.  
He was out of money, and what to do he didn't  
know. The General would be highly disap-  
pointed if our stranger did not be in Albany  
with him, and at last he asked Mrs. S. for five  
dollars, which after representations made, she  
let him have a nice little five dollar gold piece,  
which she had stowed away for a long time for  
some useful or charitable purpose.

"Mr. Page" took the shining dross with eag-  
erness, started off at a rapid pace, and nothing  
has been heard of him or the gold piece since.  
When the General arrived home, his lady  
asked him if he had seen "Mr. Page?"  
"Page," said the General. "No, I haven't  
seen any such person."  
"Wasn't such a gentleman to go with you to  
Albany?"  
"No," replied the General, "I don't know  
any man of the name, but Col. Page of Phila-  
delphia, and him I haven't seen in a year."  
"Well, then," said she, "I've been a great fool!"  
She then related the whole circumstance, and  
both had to laugh at the ingenuity of the rascal,  
and at the same time if not speaking at least  
kept up a "big thinking" on the impudence of  
the accomplished impostor. There are a plenty  
of such customers abroad in our city.  
[N. Y. Globe.

## A WORD TO MOTHERS.

The most common cause of a high shoulder  
is to be found in the abominable practice of un-  
dressing girl's necks as low as the hanging of  
their cloths will permit. Instead of the shoulder  
strips of their dress being, as they should be,  
fairly above the root of the acromial processes,  
[that is, on the center of the shoulder,] they of-  
ten—indeed most commonly—either only skirt  
the extreme end of those processes, and rest on  
the rounded upper part of the deltoid muscles,  
resting nearly on the extreme edge of the shoul-  
der, or are actually far down on the armpits; in  
consequence of which, the dress having little or  
no suspension on the shoulders, is constantly  
dropping, and the girl, to save her clothes drop-  
ping down, or at least to keep them in place, is  
continually hitching up the shoulder, from  
which the shoulder strap most easily slips, and  
thus the elevating muscles, becoming stronger  
on that side, pull the shoulder permanently up,  
and produce a very ugly appearance. But the  
mischievous does not stop here. For though there  
really be no disease of the spine, yet this con-  
stant hitching up of the shoulder causes the head  
and neck to be thrown to the other side, whilst  
the chest is thrown out to the same side; and  
thus a lateral curvature of the spine is produced,  
and a girl's figure is spoiled, for the simple pur-  
pose of uncovering her neck and shoulders as  
far as possible, which, as well for decency as for  
the preservation of the child's health, ought to  
be covered. Many parents have been thus the  
real cause of their daughter's distortion, if not of  
more serious consequences; and therefore, in  
growing girls, who have the least disposition to  
slip their shoulder out of their dress, most espe-  
cial care should be taken to prevent the possi-  
bility of keeping up this habit by having the  
dress made so high that it cannot slip down, and  
then, the sensation of its slipping being lost, the  
child no longer continues to hitch up her shoul-  
der, and by a little attention to her proper ear-  
riage, the mischief, if not of long standing, may  
be got rid of.

## FILE BITE FILE.

A Yankee who has invented a new kind of  
"love letter ink," and which he has been sell-  
ing as a sure safeguard against all actions for  
breaches of marriage promise, in as much as it  
entirely fades from the paper in two months  
from date, was recently must awfully done brown  
by a brother down easter, who purchased a hun-  
dred boxes of the article, giving therefor, his  
new for ninety days. At the expiration of the  
time the ink in water called for payment, but  
on unfolding the scrip found nothing but a piece  
of blank paper. The note had been written  
with his own ink.

## THE GOLD ROOM IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

The whole collection in what is called the  
Gold Room at Windsor Castle is valued at twelve  
millions of dollars. There are glass cases like  
a silversmith's shop, and behind the glass are the  
principal articles. There is dinner service of  
silver gilt of the most gorgeous kind presented  
by the merchants of Liverpool, to the late Wil-  
liam the Fourth, long before he was king, in re-  
ward for his advocacy of the slave trade! With  
the inscription telling the tale. There is a salve-  
r of immense size, made from the gold snuff-  
boxes alone, of George the Fourth, the lids and  
inscriptions curiously preserved on the surface  
in a kind of mosaic of gold; its value is fifty thou-  
sand dollars. Nell Gwynn's bellows—the han-  
dles, nozzles, &c. of gold—the golden peacock  
jacket with diamonds and rubies from Delhi—  
not as large as a pheasant, but valued at one  
hundred and fifty thousand dollars; the footstool  
of Tipoo Saib, a solid gold lion with crystal  
eyes, the value of its gold alone seventy thou-  
sand dollars; George the Fourth's celebrated  
golden candelabra for a dinner table, valued at  
fifty thousand dollars, so heavy that two men are  
required to lift each. Piles upon piles of gold-  
en plates, sufficient to dine two hundred and fif-  
ty persons, with ample changes. There are 140  
dozen each of gold knives and forks of various  
patterns, and 141 dozen each of gold table and  
tea spoons, all arranged in the most perfect or-  
der and glass cases on tables in the middle of the  
room filled with gorgeous gold. From the con-  
templation of all this, memory only carries away  
confused ideas of riches, such as must have cost  
poor underground laborers lives of toil, and  
sweat and pain to procure. A simple fact in  
connection with this gorgeous display will serve  
to illustrate its worth to one at least of its royal  
possessors, George the Fourth, whose taste be-  
came so vitiated that although his meat was set  
before him in golden dishes he was obliged to  
season it with assafetida to make it any thing  
but tasteless.

## AN IRON MAN—SINGULAR PETRIFICATION.

On Saturday last, a gentleman brought into  
Portsmouth, from the Bloom Furnace, Scioto  
county, a part of an Iron Man, found in the ore  
bed! The part we saw, was the foot and a part  
of the leg. Having been converted into iron, by  
a gradual process, the minutest divisions, be-  
tween the toes, &c., were not visible; but the general  
outline of the foot and ankle were palpable.  
The spreading across the toes—the heel—ankle,  
&c., were perfectly plain. We were told that  
the head and arms, were still more perfect!—  
There could not be the least doubt of its having  
been a man. "Nor is there much doubt of the  
manner in which it came into this condition."  
The body must originally have been petrified in  
lime; but of this, there remains now only the  
outside incrustation, which will crumble off—  
What was the man, is now iron. By some nat-  
ural process, the iron must have grown out of  
the lime, and here is a theme for geologists!—  
How did this change take place? If we are  
right, and the facts seem to leave no room for  
doubt, this Iron man would afford one of the  
most beautiful subjects for a Geological Lecture.  
The Iron Ore, in which it is found, is called the  
Calcareous Formation. The process of its for-  
mation, would be an instructive study.—Cincin-  
nati Chronicle, 27th Sept.

## THE FIRST DIFFICULTIES OF A NEW MIN- ISTER.

It is the "Independence," of Brussels, gives  
the following amusing scene, arising out of the  
change of the Belgian Ministry:  
A few days ago one of the new Ministers went  
to the hotel of his Ministry, and desired to be  
shown into the new cabinet. The person to  
whom he addressed himself replied—  
"The Minister is not there."  
"That may be, but show me the cabinet!"  
"I repeat, sir, there is nobody in it, and there-  
fore."  
"Pardon me, you do not understand me. I  
do not ask for the Minister, but his cabinet."  
"I understand you perfectly; but when the  
Minister is absent I cannot, and will not, show  
you into his cabinet."  
"You are determined."  
"Quite determined."  
"You are very strict, it appears; it may be  
right, but pray, tell me who you are?"  
"Who am I? I am the concierge of the hotel,  
sir," said the person questioned, drawing himself  
up, and assuming all the dignity of a man in office.  
"And I am the Minister; be pleased to show  
me the way to my cabinet!"

## COLD BEDROOMS.

A person accustomed to  
undress in a room without a fire, and to seek re-  
pose in a cold bed, will not experience the least  
inconvenience, even in the severest weather. The  
natural heat of his body will very speedily ren-  
der him even more comfortably warm than the  
individual who sleeps in a heated apartment,  
and in a bed thus artificially warmed, and who  
will be extremely liable to a sensation of chillness  
as soon as the artificial heat is discontinued. But  
this is not all—the constitution of the former will  
be rendered more robust, and far less susceptible  
to the influence of atmospheric vicissitudes  
than that of the latter.—[Journal of Health.

## Most mountains present their precipitous sides to the sea and their slopes to the land.











